# *Eighteen*

**When I look back to my first eighteen years**
**Of unfulfilled potential, wasted youth,**
**I see reflected in your mothers' tears**
**The realisation of the bitter true.**

**The winless wars continue, and the pain**
**That grips their heartstrings stronger than a vice,**
**The bitter knowledge their sons died in vain,**
**The futility of their sacrifice.**

**Only the good die young, that's why I'm here,**
**While all the suffering that I've been through**
**Remains unworthy of a single tear**
**Of any mother of this finest crew.**

**July 14, 2009**